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Songs of the Heart

T. Moran

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Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to pray.

Tea^y fell, when thou wast dying,
From thy mind to weep,
Too long, when thou art lying,
Hold tea^y the cold turf steep.

When heavy, when truth thy bane,
Like thine, an bane in earth,
They should a wreath be bower
To tell the world their worth,

Fitz-Greene Halleck

Songs of the Faith

SELECTED FROM MANY SOURCES,
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

BY

T. MORAN, R. S. GIFFORD, MISS HALLOCK, MISS LEDYARD,
BOLLES, HOPPIN, McENTEE, ETC., ETC.



NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER AND COMPANY.
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

SONGS OF THE HEART forms the third volume of the re-issue of FOLK SONGS, of which SONGS OF LIFE is the first, and SONGS OF HOME the second. The series will be completed with SONGS OF NATURE; and these four volumes will comprise the original book, with numerous new poems and additional illustrations. The comprehensiveness and completeness of each volume, and its convenient size, will, it is believed, commend these selections anew to the public favor.

In the present collection, Mr. Stedman's "Doorstep" first appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly" (published by James R. Osgood and Company), and "Making Port," "Dolly Sullivan," and "Love's Young Dream, A. D. 18—," are taken from "Scribner's Monthly."

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THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited,

THE DOORSTEP.

To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm !
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it !
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended :

THE DOORSTEP.

At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never, do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her !

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman ! weary lover !
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,
I'd give — But who can live youth over ?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by, me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea ;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee :
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes ! that was the reason (as all men know),
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

THE WEEPEN LIADY.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.



THE WEEPEN LIADY.

WHEN liate o' nights, above the green,
By thik wold house the moon da sheen,
A liady there, a-hangen low
Her head's, a wa'ken to an' fro,
In robes so white's the driven snow:
Wi' oon yarm down, while oon da rest,
All lily-white, athirt the breast
O' thik poor weepen liady.

THE WEEPEN LIADY.

The whirdlen win' and whislen squall
Da shiake the ivy by the wall,
An' miake the plyen tree-tops rock,
But never ruffle her white frock ;
An' slammen door, an'rottlen lock,
That in thik empty house da zound,
Da never zeem to miake look round
Thik ever downcast liady.

A liady, as the tiale da goo,
That once lived there, an' loved too true,
Wer by a young man cast azide :
A mother zad, but not a bride ;
An' then her father, in his pride
An' anger, offered oon o' two
Vull bitter things to undergoo,
To thik poor weepen liady :

That she herzuf shood leäve his door,
To darken it agen noo muore ;
Ar that her little playsome chile,
A-zent awoy a thousan' mile,
Shood never meet her eyes, to smile
An' play agen ; till she in shiame
Shood die, an' leäve a tarnished niamie :
A zad varziaken liady !

“ Let me be lost,” she cried, “ the while
I da but know var my poor chile ; ”
An' left the huome ov all her pride,
To wander droo the wordle wide,

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

Wi' grief that vew but she ha tried ;
An' lik' a flower a blow ha broke,
She withered wi' thik deadly stroke,
An' died a weepen liady.

An' she da keep a-comen on,
To zee thik father dead an' gone ;
As if her soul cood ha' noo rest,
Avore her teary cheäk's a-prest
By his vargiven kiss. Zoo blest
Be they that can but live in love,
An' vind a pliace o' rest above,
Unlik the weepen liady !

WILLIAM BARNES.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

THREE student-comrades crossed over the Rhine ;
Together they stopped at a landlady's sign.

“ Landlady, have you good ale and wine ?
And where is that pretty young daughter of thine ? ”

“ My ale and wine are fresh and clear ;
My daughter lies on her funeral bier.”

And when they passed to the chamber back,
There she lay, in her coffin black !

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER

The first from her face the shroud-veil took,
And gazed upon her—a mournful look.

“Ah! wert thou but living, thou lovely maid,
I would love thee from this time,” he said.

The second covered the altered face,
And turned him, weeping, from the place:



“That thou should’st lie on the funeral bier,
Whom I have loved this many a year!”

FLORENCE VANE.

But the last still snatched away the veil,
And kissed her on the mouth so pale :

“ I loved thee ever—still I love thee,
Thee will I love through eternity ! ”

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Translation of C. G. LELAND and J. W. PALMER.



FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane ;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again ;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain :
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane !

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told :
That spot, the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain,
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane !

I loved the long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
my life's bright dream, and early,
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
my hope, and thy derision
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
where thou didst hast thy story.
At even told,
that spot - the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain -
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Philip Pendleton Cooke.

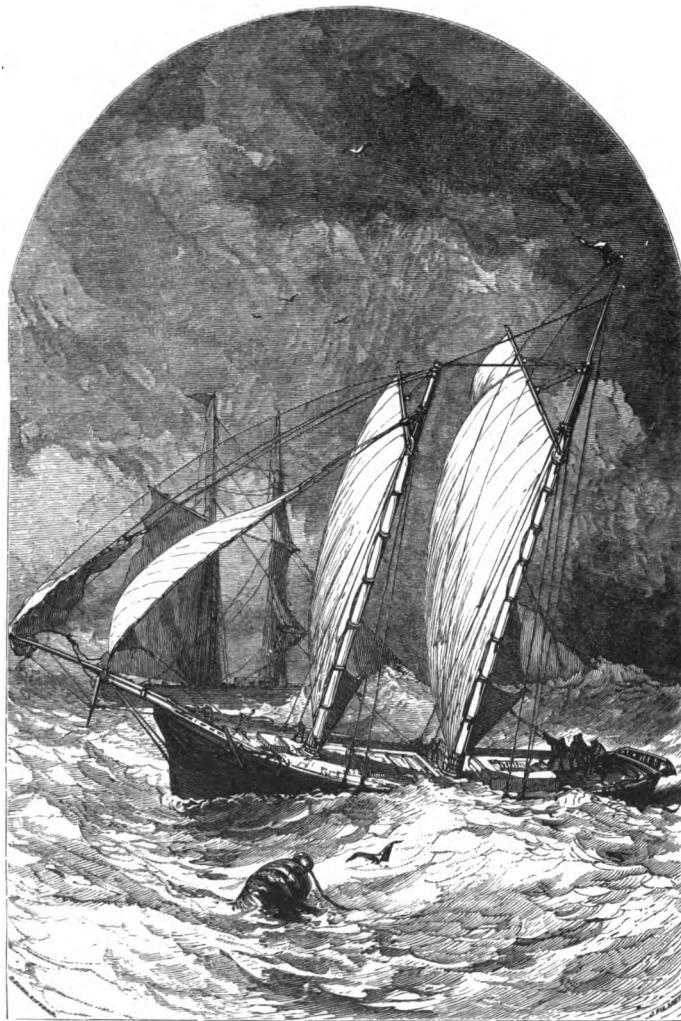
FLORENCE VANE.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under:
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep;
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep.
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE



MAKING PORT.

ALL day long till the west was red,
Over and under the white-flecked blue :
“ Now lay her into the wind,” he said ;
And south the harbor drew.

MAKING PORT.

And tacking west and tacking east,
Spray-showers upward going,
Her wake one zigzag trail of yeast,
Her gunwale fairly flowing;

All flutterous clamor overhead,
Lee scuppers white and spouting,
Upon the deck a stamping tread,
And windy voices shouting;

Her weather shrouds as viol-strings,
And leeward all a-clatter,—
The long, lithe schooner dips and springs ;
The waters cleave and scatter.

Shoulder to shoulder, breast to breast,
Arms locked, hand over hand :
Bracing to leeward, lips compressed,
Eyes forward to the land ;

Driving the wheel to wind, to lee,
The two men work as one,
Out of the southwest sweeps the sea ;
Low slants the summer sun.

The harbor opens wide and wide,
Draws up on either quarter ;
The Vineyard's low hills backward slide ;
The keel finds smoother water.

MAKING PORT.

And tacking starboard, tacking port,
Bows hissing, heeled to leeward,
Through craft of many a size and sort,
She trails the long bay seaward.

And jibing once to wear about, —
The hurling wind drives at her ;
The loud sails flap and flutter out,
The sheet-blocks rasp and clatter.

A lumberman lies full abeam, —
The flow sets squarely toward her ;
We lose our headway in the stream
And drift broadside aboard her.

A sudden flurry fore and aft,
Shout, trample, strain, wind howling ;
A ponderous jar of craft on craft,
A boom that threatens fouling ;

A jarring slide of hull on hull, —
Her bowsprit sweeps our quarter.
Clang go the sheets ; the jib draws full ;
Once more we cleave the water.

The anchor rattles from the bow,
The jib comes wrapping downward ;
And quiet rides the dripping prow,
Wave-lapped and pointing toward.

LOVE.

Oh, gracious is the arching sky,
The south wind blowing blandly ;
The rippling white-caps fleck and fly ;
The sunset flushes grandly.

And all the charm of sea and land,
And splendid sunset glow and grace,
And more, I'd give to hold her hand
And look upon her face !

JAMES T. MCKAY.

LOVE.

HE stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute.
The moon was watching on the hill ;
The stream was staid, and the maples still,
To hear a lover's suit,
That, half a vow, and half a prayer,
Spoke less of hope than of despair,
And rose into the calm, soft air,
As sweet and low,
As he had heard—O, woe ! O, woe !
The flutes of angels, long ago !

“ By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith that mounts on angel wings,

LOVE.

By dreams that make night-shadows bright,
And truths that turn our day to night,
By childhood's smile, and manhood's tear,
By pleasure's day, and sorrow's year,
By all the strains that fancy sings,
And pangs that time so surely brings,
For joy or grief, for hope or fear,
For all hereafter as for here,
In peace or strife, in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine!"

And for its soft and sole reply,
A murmur, and a sweet, low sigh,
But not a spoken word;
And yet they made the waters start
Into his eyes who heard,
For they told of a most loving heart,
In a voice like that of a bird;
Of a heart that loved though it loved in vain,
A grieving, and yet not a pain:

A love that took an early root
And had an early doom,
Like trees that never grow to fruit,
And early shed their bloom;
Of vanished hopes and happy smiles,
All lost for evermore,
Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore!

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

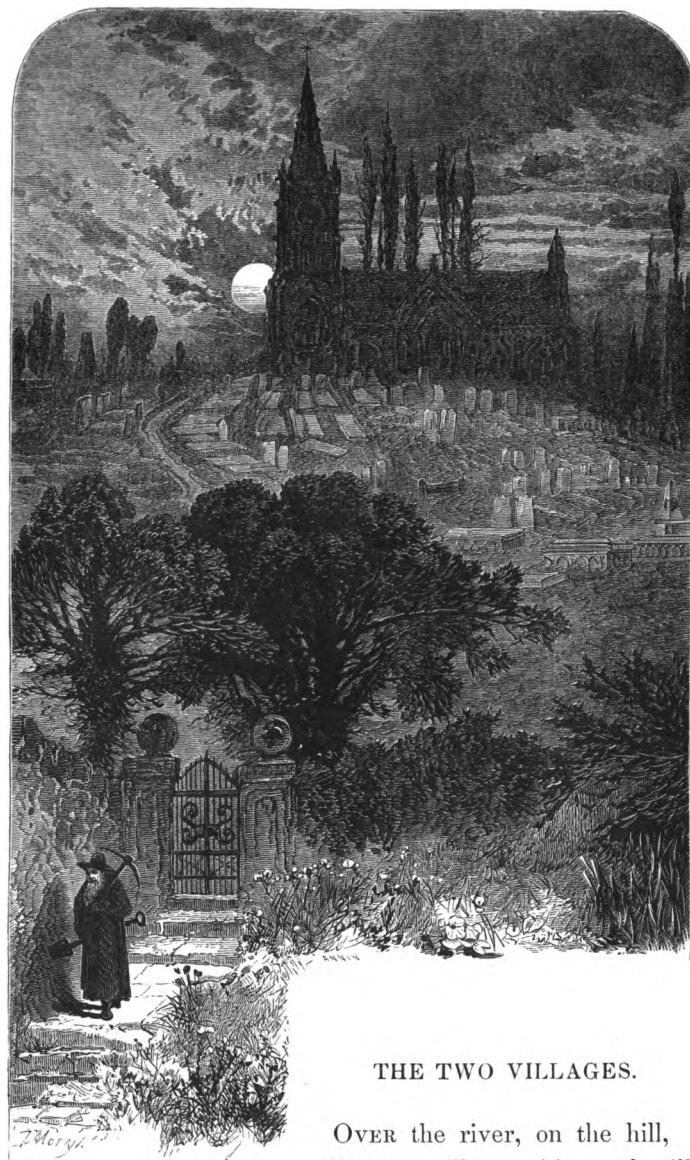
O! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

O! SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause, and lightly tread:
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain,
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON



THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still ;

THE TWO VILLAGES.

All around it the forest trees
Whisper and shiver in the breeze ;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow ;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still ;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore ;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill ;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers ,
Never a clock to tell the hours ;
The marble doors are always shut ;
You cannot enter in hall or hut ;
All the villagers lie asleep ,
Never again to sow or reap ,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh —
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill ,
When the night is starry and still ,
Many a weary heart in prayer
Looks to the other village there ,

CHRISTMAS.

And, weeping and sighing, wants to go
Up to that home from this below —
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall :
“ Patience ! that village shall hold you all.”

ROSE TERRY.

CHRISTMAS.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates ! swing wide
Ye dazzling portals of the morn ?
Forth let the Filial Godhead ride
On wings of cherubim up-borne.

Nor dare, thou flushed and flattered East,
The Sun of Righteousness to stay,
Now that the long dark night has ceased,
And souls are hungry for the day.

On mountain tops bright heralds stand
With beautiful and shining feet,
And publish over sea and land
The certain tidings glad and sweet.

He comes ! The sky is all on fire,
We see the-bannered pomp unfurled,
Th' advancing splendors rushing higher,
To flood and overflow the world.

ABRAHAM COLES.

A LITTLE WHILE

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon ;

Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon. . .

Love, rest, and home !

Sweet hope !

Lord, tarry not, but come !

HORATIO BONAR



TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
The ebbings of his glass,

MONTROSE TO HIS MISTRESS.

When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

ROBERT WILLIAM SPENCER

MONTROSE TO HIS MISTRESS.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

MONTROSE TO HIS MISTRESS.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe ;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me ;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword ;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er was known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAME, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee,
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet,
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
And time and care and birthtime woes
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine,
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower.
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine,
The best of all that's not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

Ae fond kiss—and then we sever !
Ae fareweel—alas, forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee :
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy ;
Naething could resist my Nancy :
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
Ae fond kiss—and then we sever !
Ae fareweel—alas, forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee ;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.



THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

'The fragrant birch, above him, hung
 Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
 And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
 His hanging nest o'erhead;
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
 Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
 And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
 Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
 The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
 Unarmed and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
 The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
 To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
 They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
 Unmoistened by a tear.

MADRIGAL.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died,
Far down that narrow glen.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MADRIGAL.

As I saw fair Chloris walk alone,
The feathered rain came softly down,
As Jove descending from his tower
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
As little birds into their nest;
But, overcome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolved into a tear;
Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

ANONYMOUS

THE MOTTO.

SOMEBODY sent me a dear little note,
The paper was Moinier's, the writing was fair;
Shall I here tell you what somebody wrote?

No,— let the Muse keep the secret from air,
But this was the motto the seal had to show,
This,— “C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.”

Somebody walked with me, light was her tread
Over the beautiful sunshiny wold;
Shall I here tell you what somebody said?
The sunlight has faded — the words have grown cold —
Do you believe in the motto or no,
C'est,— “C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.”

Somebody sang me a sweet little song,
Full of all tender, unspeakable things,
Shall I repeat them? no, ever so long
They have flown off on the swiftest of wings,
And the nest they deserted is white with the snow;
Ah! “C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.”

Shall I with censure link somebody's name
For the note, and the walk, and the fly-away birds?
No, the dear creature was never to blame,—
She had no heart to give value to words;
Sweetly as Hybla her accents may flow,
Mais, “C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.”

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there—my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve !
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

LOVE.

I played a soft and doleful air;
I sang an old and moving story:
An old, rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined—and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

LOVE.

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came, and looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage, worse than death,
The Lady of the Land ;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

LOVE.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve :
The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved ; she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept ;
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
 She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms ;
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

"Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
 The swelling of her heart.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe ;
If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad ;
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

When he began to court my luv,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire ;
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile !
And when thou wakest sweitly smile ;
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

*Below, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

I canna chuse, but ever will
Be luing to thy father stil :
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him maun stil abyde :
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.

*Below, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline :
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new ;
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For women's banning's wonderous sair.

*Below, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Bairne, sin thy cruel father's gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;
My babe and I'll together live ;
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve :

MY CHILD.

My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth !
I wish all maids be warned by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy ;
For if we doe but chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

ANONYMOUS.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead !
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call ;
And then bethink me that—he is not there !

MY CHILD.

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair.
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,

MY CHILD.

Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, “Thou shalt see me *there!*”

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.



THINK OF ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,
Glideth through meadows that the greenest be ;
Go, listen to our own beloved river,
And think of me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree ;
List to the dinn brook, pining as it playeth,
And think of me.

COME, LET US KISSE AND PARTE!

And when the sky is silver-pale at even,
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,
Walk out beneath the solitary heaven,
And think of me.

And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,
Go, silent as a star, beneath her beaming,
And think of me.

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.

COME, LET US KISSE AND PARTE!

SINCE there 's no helpe — come, let us kiss and parte!
Nay, I have done — you get no more of me ;
And I am glad — yea, glad with all my hearte —
That thus so cleanly I myselfe can free.
Shake hands forever ! — cancel all our vows ;
And when we meet at any time againe,
Be it not seene in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retaine.

Now — at the last gaspe of Love's latest breath —
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechlesse lies —
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes —
Now ! if thou would'st — when all have given him over —
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover !

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

To make my lady's obsequies,
My love a minster wrought ;
And, in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave ;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enlumined her grave ;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved : " Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb,
Of gold and sapphires blue :
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true ;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portrayed,
When gracious God with both His hands
Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

A DEATH-BED.

No more, no more ! my heart doth faint
When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all,
That in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck His paradise,
And with his saints to reign ;
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries :
All soon or late in death shall sleep ;
Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS. (French.)

Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day ;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise !

JAMES ALDRICH.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return — not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain ;
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends ! shall be with you that night —
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles :
Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here ! "

Let Fate do her worst ! there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy —
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled :
You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.



JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in !
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad ;
Say that health and wealth have missed me ;
Say I'm growing dull, but add,
Jenny kissed me !

LEIGH HUNT.

INFANT JOY.

“ I have no name —
I am but two days old.”
What shall I call thee ?
“ I happy am,
Joy is my name.”
Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee,
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee !

WILLIAM BLAKE.

TOO LATE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas :
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

Never a scornful word should grieve ye :
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do —
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

CHANGES.

O ! to call back the days that are not !
My eyes were blinded, your words were few.
Do you know the truth now, up in Heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true ?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you !
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows ;
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas ;
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas :
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK

CHANGES.

WHOM first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And Life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear ;
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all ! who need, indeed, His care.
And yet, I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

CHANGES.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know ;
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me !)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago :

Who might have been . . . ah what, I dare not think !
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest !

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times ; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past ? and who can judge us right ?

Ah ! were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall !
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone :
A woman — of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of Earth than Heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds ;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words :
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours ;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers ;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
The idol of past years.

ABSENCE.

On her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain ;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone :
A woman — of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health ! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face ?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace ?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing ? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day ?

ABSENCE.

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O! how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts, to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine!
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine!

FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

DOLLY SULLIVAN.

“O! A WEDDING ring’s pretty to wear,
And a bride of all women is fair,
But then,
There’s no trusting in men,
And, if I were a girl, I’d of lovers beware.



They may court you to-day,
Sweet as birds in the May,
But to-morrow, look out! they’ll be all flown away!”
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head —
Lovers were now the last thing she need dread.

DOLLY SULLIVAN.

But you never can tell
Who has once been a belle;
"Sweethearts! I've had 'em; I know 'em!" she said.

"Just as long as your company's new,
There is no one that's equal to you;
You then
Can have choice of the men;
'Tis the black eyes to-day, and to-morrow the blue.
I had once a brocade
For my marriage-gown made;
On the shelf of the store-room my wedding-cake laid;
Never that cake on the table was set.
Here I am, Dorothy Sullivan yet!
Let it go! let it go!
I am glad it was so;
Hardly earned lessons you're slow to forget.

"Could I keep all to-day that I know
With the face that I had long ago,
Ah, then,
I would pay back the men!
They should get a small part of the debt that I owe!
For 'tis little care they,
Spite the fine things they say,
How a woman's heart aches if they have their own way.
Promises! little they keep men in awe!
Trust 'em! I'd sooner trust snow in a thaw!
They are easy to make,
And more easy to break;
Keeping 'em's something that never I saw!"

DOLLY SULLIVAN.

“ When you come to your own wedding-morn,
Just to find you’re a maid left forlorn,
Ah, then,
Where’s your faith in the men,
When your wedding-gown’s on and your bridegroom is gone ?
You must take off that gown,
And sit quietly down,
Cast aside, thrown away, to be talk for the town.”
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head ; —
“ Children once burnt of the fire have a dread ;
Let your love-stories be,
When you’re talking to me ;
Sweethearts ! I’ve had ‘em ! I know ‘em ! ” she said.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



ADIEU.

LET time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine ;
The fairest love from heaven above,
That love of yours was mine,
 My Dear—
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone ;
If naught but pain to me remain,
I 'll fare in memory on,
 My Dear—
I 'll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
The saddest tears must fall ;
In weal or woe, in this world below,
I love you ever and all,
 My Dear—
I love you ever and all.

A long road, full of pain, of pain,
A long road full of pain :
One soul, one heart, sworn ne'er to part ---
We ne'er can meet again,
 My Dear—
We ne'er can meet again.

WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
Hard fate will not allow;
We blessed were as the angels are —
Adieu forever now,
My Dear! —
Adieu forever now!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.

WHEN your beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new-dropt from the skies,
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears—
So strangely you dazzle my eyes!
But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein,
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants at your heart—
Then I know that you 're woman again.

“ There’s a passion and pride
In our sex,” she replied :
“ And thus (might I gratify both) I would do —
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman for you.”

THOMAS PARNELL.

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn ?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still :
Leaf and flower, and laden bee, are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw ;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and woe ;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own ;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright ?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine ;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine !

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty, and thy wealth, are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit ;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings ;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid.
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Beloved till Life can charm no more,
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious Winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finished joy and moan :

YORK AND LANCASTER.

All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave !

SHAKSPEARE

YORK AND LANCASTER.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again.

ANONYMOUS.



AT THE CHURCH GATE

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming.
They've hushed the minster bell :
The organ 'gins to swell :
She's coming, she's coming !

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast ;
She comes — she's here, she's past !
May Heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint !
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly ;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through Heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ELEGY.

SLEEP on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted !
My last good night ! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake,
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there ; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow vale ;
And think not much of my delay :
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee ;
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight houres saile,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsie gale.

Thus from the sun my bottom steares,
And my dayes compass downward bears ;
Nor labor I to stemme the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

TO CELIA.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the vanne, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow how'e'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear, forgive
The crime: I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

HENRY KING

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

LIKE A POET IN THE SPLENDOR.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

PHILOSTRATUS. (Greek.)

Translation of BEN JONSON.



LIKE a poet in the splendor
Of his genius, all complete,
In your love, so true and tender,
I am hidden, lost, my sweet.

When you leave me, all is yearning,
All is darkness, doubt, and woe,
And the time of your returning
Is the only time I know.

ALICE CARY.

THE LAWLANDS O' HOLLAND.

THE love that I hae chosen,
I 'll therewith be content;
The saut sea sall be frozen
Before that I repent.
Repent it sall I never
Until the day I dee;
But the Lawlands o' Holland
Hae twinned my love and me.

My love he built a bonny ship,
And set her to the main,
Wi' twenty-four brave mariners
To sail her out and hame.
But the weary wind began to rise,
The sea began to rout,
And my love and his bonny ship
Turned withershins about!

There sall nae mantle cross my back,
No kaim gae in my hair,
Neither sall coal nor candle-light
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor sall I choose anither love
Until the day I dee,
Sin' the Lawlands o' Holland
Hae twinned my love and me.

“Noo haud your tongue, my daughter:
Be still, and bide content;

THE FLOWER OF BEAUTY.

There 's ither lads in Galloway :
Ye needna sair lament."
O there is nane in Galloway,
There 's nane at a' for me !
I never lo'ed a lad but ane,
And he 's drowned in the sea.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FLOWER OF BEAUTY.

SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her hair ;
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above ;
O that, in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
I, too, could glide to the bower of my love !

Ah ! where the woodbines, with sleepy arms, have wound her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away !

Come, then, my bird ! for the peace thou ever bearest,
Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me !
Come ! this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound —but deeper yet for thee.

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE WELCOME.

I.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning ;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you !

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
Red is my cheek, that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing "True lovers don't sever!"

II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them !
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you ;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O ! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor.
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me ;
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie ;
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy ;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling, what gift you can give her.

THE WELCOME.

O she'll whisper you — “ Love, as unchangeably beaming ;
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming ; ”
Till the starlight of Heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down Eternity’s river.



IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning ;
Come when you’re looked for, or come without warning ;

UNFLEDGED.

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
Red is my cheek, that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing "True lovers don't sever!"

THOMAS DAVIS

UNFLEDGED.

THE egg of a little bird
Fell at my feet to-day,
And the life within it stirred,
Throbbed once, and sank away.

A song fell out of a heart
Into the hands of men ;
They broke it all apart,
And none would know it then.

Poor little bird in the grass !
Poor little trembling song !
Beside you both I pass ;
And the way, the way is long.

Poor little wren so brown,
Twittering over her loss !
Poor little heart cast down,
Thine is the greater cross !

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise.
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes ?
Ah ! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand ;
The double Castles guard the wings ;
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.
Our fingers touch ; our glances meet,
And falter ; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek ; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah me ! the little battle's done :
Disperst is all its chivalry.
Full many a move, since then, have we
'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with Fortune played :

THE ROYAL GUEST.

What is it we have won ?
This, this at least — if this alone :
That never, never, nevermore,
As in those old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played together !

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

THE ROYAL GUEST.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men ;
With thee I'm slow, and difficult of speech.
With others I may guide the car of talk ;
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
And choose my newest garment from the shelf ;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them I while the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme ;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time ?

ALL'S WELL.

O friend beloved ! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine ;
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee then, whene'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine ;
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

ALL'S WELL.

“ ALL'S WELL ! ” — How the musical sound
Smites, surge-like, the slumbering ear,
As the sentinel paces his round,
And carols his tidings of cheer !
Half-startled, the soldier awakes,
Recalling his senses that roam :
— 'Tis only a moment it breaks
On the dream he was dreaming of home :
“ *All's Well !* ”

ALL'S WELL.

“*All's Well!*” — Through the lengthening lines
Each sentry re-echoes the word,
And faintly yon forest of pines
With dreamy responses is stirred:
On the marge of the nebulous night,
A wavy, reiterate sigh,
It ripples, — then vanishes quite
In the infinite deeps of the sky:
“*All's Well!*”

“*All's Well!*” — In the warfare of life
Does my soul like a sentinel stand,
Prepared to encounter the strife,
With well burnished weapon in hand?
While the senses securely repose,
And doubt and temptation have room,
Does the keen ear of conscience unclose?
Does she listen, and catch through the gloom:
“*All's Well?*”

“*All's Well!*” — Can I echo the word?
Does faith with a sleepless control
Bid the peaceful assurance be heard
In the questionless depths of my soul?
Then fear not, frail heart! — when the scars
Of the brave-foughten combat are past,
Clear voices that fall from the stars
Will quiet thee on to the last:
“*All's Well!*”

MARGARET J. PRESTON.



ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :

THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round !

EDMUND WALLER.

THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

SLEEP ! — The ghostly winds are blowing ;
No moon abroad, no star is glowing ;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going :

We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are.

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
('Twas melted away by his looks of fire,)
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire ;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel. the world is untrue ;
Our foes are many, our friends are few ;

Sleep! The ghostly Winds are blowing;
No moon's abroad; no star is glowing:
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the Land where you and I are going!

We are going afar,
Beyond moon's end,
To the Land where the ~~un~~ Angels are!

X

The world is cruel; the world's untrue;
Our foes are many; our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue,
What is there left for us to do, —

But fly, — fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps, — and die!

B.W. Proctor.

SHE IS A MAID OF ARTLESS GRACE.

No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,
 But fly, fly
 From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps— and die!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER. (Barry Cornwall.)

SHE IS A MAID OF ARTLESS GRACE.

SHE is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
 That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star,
 Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
 Whose shining arms I see,
If steed, or sword, or battle-field,
 Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
 Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge,
 Be half so fair as she!

GIL VICENTE. (Portuguese.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BEWARE!

I KNOW a maiden fair to see:

Take care!

She can both false and friendly be:

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not;

She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown:

Take care!

She gives a side-glance and looks down:

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not;

She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue:

Take care!

And what she says it is not true:

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not;

She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow:

Take care!

She knows how much it is best to show.

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not;

She is fooling thee!

SONG.

She gives thee a garland woven fair:
 Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear:
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not;
She is fooling thee!

ANONYMOUS. (German.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
The Devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

LEFT BEHIND.

IT was the autumn of the year,
The strawberry-leaves were red and sere;
October's airs were fresh and chill;
When, pausing on the windy hill,
The hill that overlooks the sea,
You talked confidingly to me:
Me, whom your keen, artistic sight
Has not yet learned to read aright,
Since I have veiled my heart from you,
And loved you better than you knew.

You told me of your toilsome past:
The tardy honors won at last,
The trials borne, the conquests gained,
The longed-for boon of Fame attained;
I knew that every victory
But lifted you away from me,
That every step of high emprise
But left me lowlier in your eyes.
I watched the distance as it grew,
And loved you better than you knew.

You did not see the bitter trace
Of anguish sweep across my face;
You did not hear my proud heart beat,
Heavy and slow, beneath your feet;

LEFT BEHIND.

You thought of triumphs still unwon,
Of glorious deeds as yet undone ;
And I, the while you talked to me,
I watched the gulls float lonesomely,
Till lost amid the hungry blue ;
And loved you better than you knew.

You walk the sunny side of fate ;
The wise world smiles, and calls you great ;
The golden fruitage of success
Drops at your feet in plenteousness ;
And you have blessings manifold :
Renown and power, and friends and gold ,
They build a wall between us twain,
Which may not be thrown down again.
Alas ! for I, the long years through,
Have loved you better than you knew.

Your life's proud aim, your art's high truth,
Have kept the promise of your youth ;
And while you won the crown, which now
Breaks into bloom upon your brow,
My soul cried strongly out to you
Across the ocean's yearning blue,
While, unremembered and afar,
I watched you, as I watch a star,
Through darkness struggling into view ;
And loved you better than you knew.

I used to dream, in all these years
Of patient faith, and silent tears,

TAKE, O TAKE, THOSE LIPS AWAY.

That Love's strong hand would put aside
The barriers of place and pride,
Would reach the pathless darkness through,
And draw me softly up to you ;
But that is past. If you should stray
Beside my grave, some future day,
Perchance the violets o'er my dust
Will half betray their buried trust,
And say, their blue eyes full of dew,
“ She loved you better than you knew.”

FLORENCE PERCY.

TAKE, O TAKE, THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, O take, those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn !
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn !
But my kisses bring again :
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, O hide, those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears !
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKSPEARE, AND JOHN FLETCHER.

THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude ? Her heart
Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue ;
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbings through.
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore ;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday ! With a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours.
She feels her inmost soul within her stir,
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak ;
Yet her full heart, its own interpreter,
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track ;
O, life was beautiful in those lost hours !
And yet she does not wish to wander back.

THE OLD MAID.

No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be ;
Hope links her to the future — but the link
That binds her to the past is Memory.

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall ;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all.
Not that her heart is cold—emotions new,
And fresh as flowers, are with her heartstrings knit,
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair ;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there.
Yet life is not to her what it hath been :
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss ;
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross.

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oftentimes drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up.
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere
Her bosom yet will, birdlike, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

SHE IS NOT FAIR.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heartstrings thrill
Soft sighs—for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed ;
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest :
Without a mate for the pure lonely heart
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart.

AMELIA BALL WELBY.

SHE IS NOT FAIR.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be :
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me ;
O then, I saw her eye was bright—
A well of love, a spring of light !

But now her looks are coy and cold :
To mine they ne'er reply ;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye.
Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.



SONG.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual brcast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while Memory, tranced and glad,
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

THE LADY'S "YES."

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallowed thoughts so dear;
But drink to her that each loves most,
As she would love to hear.

THOMAS CAMPBELL



THE LADY'S "YES."

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, Sir, I say.
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below —
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No*.

THE LADY'S "YES."

Call me false or call me free—
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooing light makes fickle troth—
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*:

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death—
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore—
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes for evermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white han' o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine !
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine !

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
And the heart that wad part sic lufe !
But there's nae hand can loose my band,
But the finger o' Him abuve.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claiting ne'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' lufe,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down ;
And Luve wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly I'd sleep, and soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my lufe !
Come here and kneel wi' me !

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie and hie ;
Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The Beuk maun be ta'en whan the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie ;
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast
Parted forever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving ;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast.
Ruin and leave her ?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever !
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, O never !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



A MUSICAL BOX.

I KNOW her, the thing of laces, and silk,
And ribbons, and gauzes, and crinoline,
With her neck and shoulders as white as milk,
And her doll-like face and conscious mien.

A lay-figure fashioned to fit a dress,
All stuffed within with straw and bran;
Is that a woman to love, to caress?
Is that a creature to charm a man?

Only listen! how charmingly she talks
Of your dress and hers—of the Paris mode—
Of the coming ball—of the opera box—
Of jupons, and flounces, and fashions abroad.

A MUSICAL BOX.

Not a bonnet in church but she knows it well,
And Fashion she worships with down-cast eyes ;
A *marchande de modes* is her oracle,
And Paris her earthly paradise.

She's perfect to whirl with in a waltz ;
And her shoulders show well on a soft divan,
As she lounges at night and spreads her silks,
And plays with her bracelets and flirts her fan, —

With a little laugh at whatever you say,
And rounding her "No" with a look of surprise,
And lisping her "Yes" with an air distract,
And a pair of aimless, wandering eyes.

Her duty this Christian never omits !
She makes her calls, and she leaves her cards,
And enchant's a circle of half-fledged wits,
And slim *attachés* and six-foot Guards.

Her talk is of people, who 're nasty or nice,
And she likes little *bon-bon* compliments ;
While she seasons their sweetness by way of spice,
By some witless scandal she often invents.

Is this the thing for a mother or wife ?
Could love ever grow on such barren rocks ?
Is this a companion to take for a wife ?
One might as well marry a musical box.

You exhaust in a day her full extent,
'Tis the same little tinkle of tunes always ,
You must wind her up with a compliment.
To be bored with the only airs she plays.

W. W. STORY.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct and equipage ;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free ;
Brave, not romantic ;
Learned, not pedantic ;
Frolic, not frantic :
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new ;
Neat, but not finical ;
Sage, but not cynical ;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

HENRY FIELDING.

THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead ;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.
All her maidens, watching, said
“ She must weep, or she will die ! ”

Then they praised him, soft and low ;
Called him worthy to be loved :
Truest friend and noblest foe !
Yet she neither spake nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee.
Like summer tempest came her tears :
“ Sweet my child, I live for thee ! ”

ALFRED TENNYSON.



MEETING AND PARTING.

THE gray sea, and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon, large and
low;



SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

And the startled little waves, that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach ;
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears ;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spirt of a lighted match ;
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts, beating each to each !



Round the cape, of a sudden, came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim —
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me !

ROBERT BROWNING



SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament :

SHE WAS PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food :
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill :
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we played ;
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow.
We have been friends together :
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together :
We have laughed at little jests ;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous, in our breasts ;
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow.
We have been gay together :
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together ;
We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years ;
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow.
We have been sad together :
O ! what shall part us now ?

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.



TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead ;
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys ;
There's not a blade will grow, boys ;

TOMMY'S DEAD.

'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys :
He's going blind, as I said ;
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed.
The cow's dry and spare, boys ;
She's neither here nor there, boys :
I doubt she's badly bred.
Stop the mill to-morn, boys ,
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red.
There's no sign of grass, boys ;
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys ;
The land's not what it was, boys ;
And the beasts must be fed.
You may turn Peg away, boys ;
You may pay off old Ned.
We've had a dull day, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys :
Let me turn my head ;
She's standing there in the door, boys—
Your sister Winifred !
Take her away from me, boys—
Your sister Winifred !
(Move me round in my place, boys :
Let me turn my head ;)
Take her away from me, boys—

TOMMY'S DEAD.

As she lay on her death-bed :
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed !
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head :
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed ;
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys.
But I think it's not in my head ;
I've kept my precious sight, boys :
The Lord be hallowed !
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread ;
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivelled and shred ;
The hedges down by the loan,
I can count them bone by bone ;
The leaves are open and spread.
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There's nothing but cinders and sand ;
The rat and the mouse have fled,
And the summer's empty and cold ;
Over valley and wold,
Wherever I turn my head,

TOMMY'S DEAD.

There's a mildew and a mould ;
The sun's going out over head,
And I'm very old ;
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys ? .
You're all born and bred ;
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed ;
And she's gone before, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head ;
She knew she'd never see't, boys,
And she stole off to bed ;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said ;
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys ;
Bring out the beer and bread ;
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead ;
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There's something ill wi' the bread ;
I don't care to sup, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I've such a sleepy head ;

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

I shall never more be stout, boys ;
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys ?
The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head ;
The night's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother's long in bed ;
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys ;
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys ;
You may lay me where she is, boys.
And I'll rest my old head.
'Tis a poor world, this, boys ;
And Tommy's dead.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour ;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

There came a man, by middle day ;
He spied his sport, and went away ;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear ;
He slew my knight, and poined his gear ;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane ;
I watched the corpse, myself alane ;
I watched his body, night and day ;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat ;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ?
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae ?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain ;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

ANONYMOUS.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What waitest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Stay, not so,"
Replied the angel. - Abou spoke more low,
But clearly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one, that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. - The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“ What writest thou ? ” — The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered — “ The names of those who love the Lord.”
“ And is mine one ? ” said Abou ; “ Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still ; and said, “ I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed ;
And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest !

LEIGH HUNT.



SONG

DAY, in melting purple dying !
Blossoms, all around me sighing !
Fragrance, from the lilies straying !
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing !
Ye but waken my distress ;
I am sick of loneliness.

SONG.

Thou to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken !
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee ;
 Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent ;
 Let me think it innocent.

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure :
All I ask is friendship's pleasure ;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling :
 Gifts and gold are naught to me ;
 I would only look on thee !

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing ;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation ;
 Yet but torture, if comprest
 In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still ! Ah, come and bless me !
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once, in caution, I could fly thee ;
Now I nothing could deny thee.
 In a look if death there be,
 Come—and I will gaze on thee !

MARIA BROOKS.

A DIRGE.

“ O dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where I and my true-love may sleep ! ”
*We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where thou and thy true-love shall sleep !*

“ And let it be five fathom low,
Where winter winds may never blow ! ”
*And it shall be five fathom low,
Where winter winds shall never blow !*

“ And let it be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil ! ”
*And it shall be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil !*

“ And plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires ! ”
*We'll plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires !*

“ And set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine ! ”
*We'll set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine !*

A DIRGE.

“ And let the ruddock build his nest
Just above my true-love’s breast ! ”

*The ruddock he shall build his nest
Just above thy true-love’s breast !*

“ And warble his sweet wintry song
O’er our dwelling all day long ! ”

*And he shall warble his sweet song
O’er your dwelling all day long.*

“ Now, tender friends, my garments take,
And lay me out for Jesus’ sake ! ”

*And we will now thy garments take,
And lay thee out for Jesus’ sake !*

“ And lay me by my true-love’s side,
That I may be a faithful bride ! ”

*We’ll lay thee by thy true-love’s side,
That thou may’st be a faithful bride !*

“ When I am dead, and buried be,
Pray to God in heaven for me ! ”

*Now thou art dead, we’ll bury thee,
And pray to God in heaven for thee !*

Benedicite !

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE.



POLAR DAYS.

As some poor piteous Lapp, who under firs
Which bend and break with load of arctic snows,
Has crept and crouched to watch when crimson glows
Begin, feels in his veins the thrilling stirs

LOVE NOT ME.

Of warmer life, e'en while his fear deters
His trust; and when the orange turns to rose
In vain, and widening to the westward goes
The ruddy beam and fades, heart-sick defers
His hope, and shivers through one more long night
Of sunless day; —

So watching, one by one,
The faintest glimmers of the morn's gray light,
The sleepless exiled heart waits for the bright
Full day, and hopes till all its hours are done,
That the next one will bring its love, its sun.

H. H.

LOVE NOT ME.

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part;
No, nor for my constant heart:
For those may fail, or turn to ill —
So thou and I shall sever.

Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why:
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

ANONYMOUS.

LITTLE WORDS.

How wise he is! He can talk in Greek!
There isn't a language he cannot speak.
The very measure the Psalmist sung
He carries at will on the tip of his tongue.
When he argues in English, why, every word
Is almost the biggest that ever you heard!
That is, when he talks with papa it's so—
With me it's another affair, you must know.

Little one-syllable words, you see,
Are all he is willing to waste upon me:
So he calls me his rose, his bird, and his pet,
And says it quite often lest I should forget;
While his stock of verbs grows so wondrously small,
You'd think he had ne'er opened Webster at all:
It's only "Ah! do you?" or "Will you, my dove?"
Or else it's "I love," "I love," and "I love."

And when we walk out in the starry night,
Though he knows the Zodiac's rounded height,
With its Gemini, Scorpio, Leo, and all,—
Its satellites, planets, and nebulæ small;

LITTLE WORDS.

And though in a flash he could fasten his eye on
The Dipper, and Crown, and the Belt of Orion,
Not once does he mention the wonders above,
But just whispers softly, "My own!" and "I love!"

Whenever they tease me — the girls and the boys —
With "Mrs. Professor" or "classical joys,"
Or ask if his passion he deigns to speak
In Hebrew, or Sanscrit, or simple Greek,
I try 'to summon a look of steel,
And hide the joy that I really feel;
For they'd laugh still more if they knew the truth,
How meek a Professor can be, forsooth!

Though well I know in the times to come
Great thoughts shall preside in our happy home,
And to hold forever his loving looks
I must bend my head over musty books,
And be as learned as ever I can,
To do full justice to such a man —
Yet the future is bright for, like song of birds,
My soul is filled with his little words.

MARY ELIZABETH DODGE.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side :
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see :
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls wave in the gentle gale :
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be :
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

OVER THE RIVER.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale.
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts :
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar :
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST.

DANIEL GRAY.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well ; in fact, few knew him better ;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called among the gifted,
In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes ;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now — his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Risin behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

DANIEL GRAY.

I can remember how the sentence sounded —
“ Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint ! ”
And how the “ conquering-and-to-conquer ” rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him,
He never kissed his children — so they say ;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind ;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind.

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him ;
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Nor nature’s need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper’s side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

THE THANKLESS LADY.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way
His mighty Friend in Heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

J. G. HOLLAND.

THE THANKLESS LADY.

It is May, and the moon leans down all night
Over a blossomy land,
By her window sits the lady white,
With her chin upon her hand.

THE THANKLESS LADY.

“O sing to me, dear nightingale,
The song of a year ago;
I have had enough of longing and wail,
Enough of heart-break and woe.

“O glimmer on me, my apple-tree,
Like the birthplace of the snow;
Let odor and moonlight and melody
In one old harmony flow.”

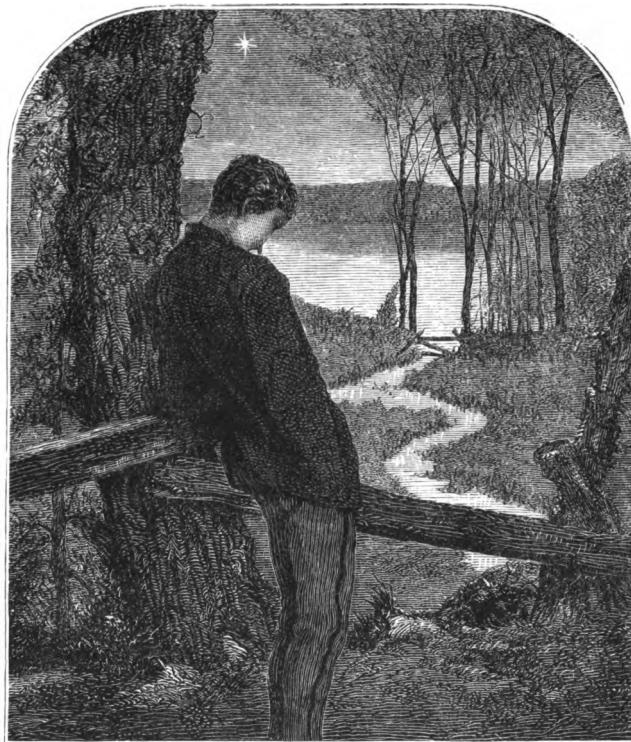
The dull odor swims; the cold blossoms gleam;
And the bird will not be glad.
The dead never speak when the living dream,—
They are too weak and sad.

She listened and sate till night grew late,
Bound by a weary spell;
Then a face came in at the garden-gate,
And a wondrous thing befell.

Uprose the joy as well as the love,
In the song, in the scent, in the show!
The moon grew glad in the sky above,
The blossoms grew rosy below.

May passed into June in the scent and the tune;
They filled the veins of night;
But they had no thanks for the granted boon,
For the lady forgot them quite.

GEORGE MACDONALD



WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee ;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine ;

AT LAST.

Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep;
Sweet spirit, meet me then!

There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

AT LAST.

O, THE years I lost before I knew you,
Love!

O, the hills I climbed and came not to you,
Love!

AT LAST.

Ah! who shall render unto us to make
 Us glad,
The things which for and of each other's sake
 We might have had ?

If you and I had sat and played together,
 Love,
Two speechless babies in the summer weather,
 Love,
By one sweet brook which though it dried up long
 Ago,
Still makes for me to-day a sweeter song
 Than all I know,—

If hand in hand through the mysterious gateway,
 Love,
Of womanhood, we had first looked and straightway,
 Love,
Had whispered to each other softly, ere
 It yet
Was dawn, what now in noonday heat and fear
 We both forgot,—

If all of this had given its completeness,
 Love,
To every hour would it be added sweetness,
 Love ?
Could I know sooner whether it were well
 Or ill
With thee? One wish could I more surely tell,
 More swift fulfil ?

DINNA ASK ME.

Ah! vainly thus I sit and dream and ponder,
 Love,
Losing the precious present while I wonder,
 Love,
About the days in which you grew and came
 To be
So beautiful, and did not know the name
 Or sight of me.

But all lost things are in the angel's keeping,
 Love ;
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,
 Love ;
The years of Heaven will all earth's little pain
 Make good,
Together there we can begin again
 In babyhood.

H. H.



DINNA ASK ME.

O ! DINNA ask me gin I lo'e ye :
 Troth, I daurna tell !
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye ;
 Ask it o' yoursel'.

A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

O, dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true ;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
And bonnier lassies see,
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me :
And O, I'm sure my heart wad break,
Gin ye'd prove fause to me !

— DUNLOP.

A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning ;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting.
“ Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping.”
“ 'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping.”
“ Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing.”
“ 'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying.”
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring,

A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.



“ What’s that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder ? ”
“ ’Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under.”
“ What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of ‘ The Coolun ? ’ ”
There’s a form at the casement — the form of her true love ;
And he whispers, with face bent, “ I’m waiting for you, love.

MY LOVE.

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly ;
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring ;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat, longs to go — and yet lingers ;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round ;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound.
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps — then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower — and slower — and slower the wheel swings ;
Lower — and lower — and lower the reel rings.
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

MY LOVE.

I.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear :
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star ;
And yet her heart is ever near.

MY LOVE.

II.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know ;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

III.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair :
No simplest duty is forgot ;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

IV.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise ;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

V.

She hath no scorn of common things ;
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

VI.

Blessing she is : God made her so :
And deeds of week-day holiness

MY LOVE.

Fall from her noiseless as the snow ;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

VII.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

VIII.

She is a woman — one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

IX.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green :
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM; A. D. 18—.

“ THANK you — much obliged, old boy ’
Yes, it’s so ; report says true.
I’m engaged to Nell Latine —
What else could a fellow do ?
Governor was getting fierce —
Asked me, with paternal frown,
When I meant to go to work,
Take a wife, and settle down !
Stormed at my extravagance,
Talked of cutting off supplies, —
Fairly bullied me, you know ;
Sort of thing that I despise.
Then he’d pause, and sip his wine ,
And remark, he’d never seen
Any girl that pleased him more
Than that younger Miss Latine. —

Well, you know, I lost worst way
At the races,—Governor raged ;—
So, to sort of smooth him down,
I went off and got engaged.



Sort of put up thing, you see,—
All arranged with old Latine,—
Nelly raved about it first,
Said her ‘pa was *awful* mean !’
Now it’s done we don’t much mind —
Tell the truth, *I*’m rather glad ;
Looking at it every way,
One must own it isn’t bad.
She’s quite pretty, rather rich :
Mother left her quite a pile ;
Dances, goes out everywhere ;
Fine old family, real good style.
Then she’s *good*, as girls go now —
Some idea of wrong and right, —
Don’t let every man she meets
Kiss her on the self-same night.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM; A. D. 18—.

Jove ! the way some girls will act,
Who've been out a year or two !
Don't know what they'd blush to hear ;
What they wouldn't say and do.—
We don't do affection much ;
Nell and I are real good friends ;
Call there often ; sit, and chat ;
Take her 'round, and there it ends.
Spooning ! Well, I tried it once —
Acted like an awful calf :
Said I *really* loved her ; then
You should just have heard her laugh !
Why ! she ran me for a month ;
Teased me till she made me wince :



‘ Mustn’t flirt with her ! ’ she said,
So, I haven’t done it since.—
‘ *T*would be pleasant to be loved
As you read about in books,—
Mingling souls, and gentle eyes,—
Love, and that, in all their looks ;

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

Thoughts of you, and no one else ;
Voice that has a tender ring ;
Sacrifices made, and — well —
 You know — all that sort of thing.
All that's worn-out talk, they say, —
 Don't see any of it now —
Spooning on your *fiancée*
 Isn't good style, anyhow.
Just suppose that one of us, —
 Nell and me, you know, — some day,
Gets like that, on some one else,
 Might be rather awkward ! — eh ?
All in earnest, like the books —
 Wouldn't it be awful rough !
Jove ! if I — but pshaw ! what bosh !
 Nell and I are safe enough. —
Take place in the Spring, I think ;
 You'll be there, and wish me joy ?
Be a groomsman, if you like ;
 Lots of fun. Good-bye, old boy.”

GEORGE A. BAKER, J.

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE

THE might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires ;
Nor death I need, nor purgatorial fires :
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,

TO PERILLA.

Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve ;
For O, how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove !
Forgive me if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way ;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (Italian.)

Translation of HAWTHORNE COLEBRIDGE.



TO PERILLA.

AH, my Perilla ! dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee ?
Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal home.
'T will not be long, Perilla, after this
That I must give thee the supremest kiss.
Dead when I am, first cast in salt ; and bring
Part of the cream from that religious spring,
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet.
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when thou didst implore
The gods' protection, but the night before.
Follow me, weeping, to my turf ; and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear.

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET DRAKE.

Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me :
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still, in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

ROBERT HERRICK

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days !
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep ;
And long where thou art lying
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth ;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine —

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow ;

ARAB LOVE.

But I 've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free:
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

ARAB LOVE.

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
Of thy looks, my love;
It panted for thee, like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.
Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,
Bore thee far from me;
My heart—for my weak feet were weary soon—
Did companion thee.

Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought clothes, like a dove,
With the wings of care;
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee;
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



HOW'S MY BOY?

“ Ho, sailor of the sea !
How's my boy — my boy ? ”
“ What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he ? ”

“ My boy John,
He that went to sea ;
What care I for the ship, sailor ?
My boy's my boy to me.

HOW'S MY BOY?

“ You come back from sea,
And not know my John ?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town ;
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

“ How's my boy — my boy ?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor :
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no.
Sure his ship was the ‘ Jolly Briton.’ ”
“ Speak low, woman, speak low ! ”

“ And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John ?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town.
Why should I speak low, sailor ? ”
“ That good ship went down.”

“ How's my boy — my boy ?
What care I for the ship, sailor ;
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her !
I say, how's my John ? ”
“ Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her.”

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

“ How's my boy—my boy ?
What care I for the men, sailor ?
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy—my boy ?
Tell me of him and no other.
How's my boy—my boy ? ”

SYDNEY DOBELL.

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

SHE's gane to dwell in Heaven, my lassie !
She's gane to dwell in Heaven :
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
For dwallin' out o' Heaven !

O what'll she do in Heaven, my lassie ?
O what'll she do in Heaven ?
She'll mix her ain thochts wi' angels' sangs,
An' mak them mair meet for Heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie :
She was beloved by a' ;
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie !
Low there thou lies !
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise.

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie :

Fu' soon I'll follow thee.

Thou's left me naught to covet ahin',

But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cauld face, my lassie ;

I looked on thy death-cauld face :

Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,

An' fadin' in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie :

I looked on thy death-shut eye ;

An' a lovelier light in the brow o' Heaven

Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy an' calm, my lassie :

Thy lips were ruddy an' calm ;

But gane was the holy breath o' Heaven

To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie :

There's naught but dust now mine.

My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,

An' why should I stay ahin' ?

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

JAMES MELVILLE'S CHILD.

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss:
With outstretched arms, its care-wrought father greet!
O, in the desert, what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart:
A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad;
But that home-solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying;
(The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night!)
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight.

JAMES MELVILLE'S CHILD.

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
But gradual faded from our love away:
As if, still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly He sued me for His own;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done.

And daily to my board at noon and even
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in Heaven,
Gazing the while on death, without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made:
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed !

There were two milk-white doves, my wife had nourished;
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand !

So tame they grew that, to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast.



"Twas a fair sight: the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild,
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping:
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still as he sickened seemed the doves too dwining,
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it, when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo ;
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained — and parted too.

'Twas my first hansel and propine to Heaven ;
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts — once an infant given,
And offered with two turtle-doves to God !

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary ! dear, departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love ?

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace:
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wildwoods, thickening, green,
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care ;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary ! dear, departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

ROBERT BURNS.

AH, CHLORIS !

AH, Chloris ! that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure nor no pain !

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine :
Age from no face took more away
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms, insensibly,
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew ;
And Cupid, at my heart,
Still, as his mother favored you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

SIXTEEN.

Each gloried in their wanton part :
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art ;
To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be —
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

SIXTEEN.

IN Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see —
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me ?

Lucilla asks, if that be all
Have I not culled as sweet before ?
Ah yes, Lucilla ! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light —

IN VAIN YOU TELL.

More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright:

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone forever.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IN VAIN YOU TELL.

IN vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over:
Alas! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?—
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose,
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain—
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

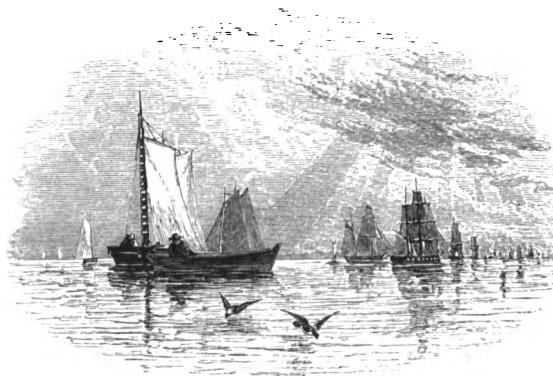
MATTHEW PRIOR



BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay



And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave ,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

THE PASSAGE.

Then, in this same boat beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried :
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought ;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore ;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee :
Take—I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Anonymous Translation.

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